



AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publiquely, by the right Ho-
nourable the L. of *Hunsdon*
his Seruants.



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The Prologue.

Two household Friends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-croſt Louers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.

Shakespeare



The most excellent Tragedie of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.

G Regorie, of my word Ile carrie no coales.
2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.

2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the
the collar.

1 I strike quickly being moou'd.

2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.

1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.

2 To moue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't
runne away.

1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take
the wall of.

2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes
to the wall.

1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the
wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt
see I am a tall peece of flesh.

2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou
wouldst be but poore Iohn.

1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, &
off with their heads.

2 The heads of the maids?

1 I,

The most excellent Tragedie,

1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,
take it in what sence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two Servingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin
first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my
thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile
come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i't at vs?

Enter Benenolio:

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the
Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and
his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious subjects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

Your

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Your liues shall pay the ranfome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mouutague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroad?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the serjants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipfull sunne
Peep through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun: Black and portentous must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his griuance, or be much denied.

B

Moun:

The most excellent Tragedie,

Mount: I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.

Romeo: Is the day so young?

Ben: But new stroke nine.

Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

Ben: In loue. (short.

Ro: Out.

Ben: Of loue.

Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mithapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben: No Cose I rather weepe.

Rom: Good hart at what?

Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.

Ro: Why such is loues transgression,

Griefes

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raise with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell Cose.

Ben: Nay Ile goe along.

And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.

Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?

Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.

Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.

Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.

In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.

Ben: I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.

Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.

Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.

Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianes* wit,
And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnarm'd,
Shee'le not abide the sledge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both,

The most excellent Tragedie,

And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:
But leauing that, what say you to my sute?

Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shée hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.

Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.

Cap: But too soone made are these so early married:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.
This night I hold an old accuston'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here,
and

of Romeo and Iuliet.

and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: If I know the letters and the language.

Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

S Eigneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie
Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of
Vtruuiio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louelie Neeces,
Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capu-
let his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and

The most excellent Tragedie,

*Liua, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio
and the siuelie Hellena.*

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro: Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Ro: Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

*Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merrie.*

*Ben: At this same auncient feast of Capulets,
Supps the faire Rosaline whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of Verona,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shal shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.*

*Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.*

*Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poyld with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.*

Rom: Ile goe along no such fight to be showne,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.

Wife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I had her come, what Lamb, what Lallie bird, God forbid. *Wber's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*

Iuliet: How now who cal's?

Nurce: Your Mother.

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

W: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembered me, thou'lt heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.

Wife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: Enen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now e-leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Dowe-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole

The most excellent Tragedie,

*to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the
Doue-house: twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since
that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande
high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waded up and
downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then
my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man:
Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when
thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holli-
dam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a
ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hun-
dred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet?
and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I pre thee Nurce say I.

*Nurce: VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his
grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might
I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

*VVife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame
I meant to talke of: Tell me Iuliet, howe stand you af-
fected to be married?*

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

*Nurce: An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I
would say thou hadst suckt wisdom from thy Teat.*

*VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie Paris seekes
thee for his Wife.*

*Nurce: A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all
the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

VVife: Well Iuliet, how like you of Paris loue.

*Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
but no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.*

Enter Clowne.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Clowne: Madlam you are cald for, supper is readie,
the Nurse curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extremitie,
make hast for I must be gone to waite.

Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid hūdwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will;
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me Romeo I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So flakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandfire phraze,
He be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tindan's the mouse, the Cunstables old word,
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerent eloue wherein thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

C

Rom: Nay

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Nay that's not so. *Mer:* I meane fir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.

Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.

Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?

Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer: And so did I. *Rom:* Why what was yours?

Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true,

Rom: in bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

Mer: Ah then I see *Queene Mab* hath bin with you,

Ben: *Queene Mab* whats she?

She is the *Fairies* Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an *Aggat* stone
On the forefinger of a *Burgomaster*,
Drawne with a teeme of little *Atomis*,
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of *Grashoppers*,
The traces are the *Moone*-shine warrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
Through *Louers* braines, and then they dream of loue
O're *Courtiers* knees: who strait on curties dreame
O're *Ladies* lips, who dreame on kisses strait:
Which oft the angrie *Mab* with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops o're a *Lawers* iap,

And

of Romeo and Juliet.

And then dreames he of finelling out a lute,
And sometime comes she with a tittie pigstail,
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of heathes five fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
And proves them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Ellelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntang'ed much misfortune breeds.

Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkest of nothing.

Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Chi dren of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the frole bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his lace to the dew-dropping south. (selves.)

Ben: Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.

Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights que's, and expiers the terme
Of a dispised life, close in this breast,
By some vnnenee force of vile death:

The most excellent Tragedie,

But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet with the Ladies.

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet*:
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio*,
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fife and twentie yeares, and then we mask.

Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,
His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

Rom: What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes shoves.

The

of Romeo and Iuliet.

The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand
Did my heart loue till now? Forswear it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.

Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*.

(man,

Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle.
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill be seeming semblance for a feast.

Ti: I see when such a villaine is a guest,
He nor indure him.

Ca: He shal be indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'll not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You'll make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'll set Coeke a hoope, you'll be the man.

Ti: Vncle tis a shame.

C 3

Ca: Goe

The most excellent Tragedie,

Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knave.
This trick will leath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knave, or I will make you quiet. (sing,

Tibals: Patience perforce with wi full choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.

Rom: It I prophane with my vawordlie hand,
This holie shrine, the gent'le sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.

Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.

Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yee'd thou, least faith turne to dispaire.

Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier
for sake.

Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purge.

Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Ro: Sinne from my lips; O trespasse I weedy vrgde!
Giue me my sinne againe.

Iu: You kille by the booke.

Nurse: Ma'lame your mother calles.

Rom: What is her mother?

Nurse: Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the
house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I must
L

of Romeo and Iuliet.

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, be that can
lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.

Rom: Is she a Mountague? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.

Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.

They whisper in his eare,

I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.

Exeunt.

Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?

Nur: The sonne and heire of old Tiberio.

Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

Nur: That as I thinke is yong Petruchio. *(dancet)*

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: I know not.

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur: His name is Romeo ana a Mountague, the onely
sonne of your great enemye.

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnkowne, and knowne too late;
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemye.

Nurse: *VV*hats this? whats that?

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt even now of
oue I dancet with.

Nurse: Come your mother staies for you, I le goe a long
with you.

Exeunt.

Enter

The most excellent Tragedie,

Enter Romeo alone.

Ro: Shall I go forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benvolio Mercutio.

Ben: Romeo, my colen Romeo.

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good Mercutio.

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

Romeo, madman, humors, passion, lier, appeare thou in
likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry
but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to
my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her
purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee
that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the
begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by
Rosalindes bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her
prettie foote, straight leg, and quivering thigh, and the
demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeness
thou appeare to vs.

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer: Tut this can not anger him, marrie if one should
raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion,
making it there to stand till she had laid it, and conlurde
it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire
and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but
to raise vp him.

Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be comforted with the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.

Mer

of Romeo and Juliet.

Mer: If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistress were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were.
An open *Et cetera*, thou a poprin Pearre.
Romeo God night, it's to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.

Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sonne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answer it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would stame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,

D

That

The most excellent Tragedie,

That I might kisse that checke.

Iul: Ayme.

Rom: She speaks, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing over my A
As is a winged messenger of heaven (head,
Vnto the white vprturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasse pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.

Iul: Ah *Romco*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And it'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemye.
Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and it'e be new Baptiste,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Dost stumble on my counsaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemye to thee,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here)

Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
He gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,

The most excellent Tragedie,

What I haue spoke: but are well complements. Shall
Dost thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy words: but if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false: At Louers perjuries they say Loue smiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too easily wonne,
It's frowne and say theg nay and be puerse,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my haniour light:
But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues Pasion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeeding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath lo discovered.

Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.

Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (*Moone*,
Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.

Ro: Now by

Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatry,
And it's beleue thee.

Ro: If my true hartts loue

Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnadvised.

Too

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some coming,
Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and it'e come againe.

Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in.
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that it'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote it'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.

Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from ioue, to schoole with heauie lookes.

Iul: *Romeo, Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where *Eccho* lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

Romeo?

Ro: It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siller sweet sound louers tongues in night.

Iul: *Romeo*?

Ro: Madame.

Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

Ro: At the houre of nine.

Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

The most excellent Tragedie,

Rom: Let me stay here till you remember it.

Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

Rom: And ife stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a lilke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louingiealous of his libertie.

Ro: Would I were thy bird.

Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast.

Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

Enter Frier Francis.

(night,

Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We must vp fill this easier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But

of Romeo and Iuliet.

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor nought so good, but strained from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tasted slaies all senses with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluterh
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?)
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprowl'd by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it right
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?)

Fr: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemy:

Where

The most excellent Tragedie,

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

Rom: Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combine, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
I'll tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in wasse,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old reare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Frier:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

Rom: And badst me burie loue.

Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.

Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.

Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy asistant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not
home to night?

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
-Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. *(singing)*

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capulet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee
challenged.

Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: flabd
with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare
with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the
blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer: More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh
he is the couragious captaine of complements, Catso, he
E fights

The excellent Tragedie

fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken burton, a Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, their bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo*.

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. Offlesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy *Cleopatra* a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harlettries: *This* is a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French sloop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours will constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A most curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast
worne

of Romeo and Iuliet.

worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.

Rom: O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.

Me: Come between vs good *Bennolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurtes, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art decciued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Rom: Heers goodly geare.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Mer: A saile, a saile, a saile.

E 2

Ben: Two

The excellent Tragedie

Ben: Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodinorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godye gooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for himselfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well said: for himselfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the yongest of that name for fault of a worse.

Nur: Well said.

Mer: Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wisely, wisely.

Nu: If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike she meanes to inuite him to supper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what hast found man?

Mer: No hare sir, vlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and sings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,
if it hore ere it be spent.

You'l come to your fathers to supper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

Exeunt Bennolio, Mercutio.

Nurs:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur : Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was this that was so full of his roperipe?

Rom : A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand to in a month.

Nur : If hee stand to anie thing against mee, I'e take him downe if he were lustier than he is : if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that shall : I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euerie Iacke vse me at his pleasure.

Pet : I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I would soone haue drawn : you know my toole is as soone out as anothers if I see time and place.

Nur : Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers : scurvie Iacke. But as I said, my Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my selfe : but if you should lead her into a fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of behauiour as they say, for the Gentlewom an is yong. Now if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom : Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I protest.

Nur : Good heart : yfaith Ile tell her so : oh she will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom : Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur : That you doo protest : which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom : Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to shrift to Frier Laurence cell :
And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

The excellent Tragedie

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: Peter, take my faune, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse
In halfe an houre she promitt to returne.

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua
vita.

Jul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fic, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes Romeo?

Nur: Romeo, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?

Jul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our ma-
riage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Jul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a
kinde

of *Romeo and Iuliet.*

kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a veruious; wheres
your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this
the poulteffe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hyc you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There stayer a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Friar.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consist the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraces Romeo.
See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power,

Iul: *Romeo*,

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

Rom: My *Juliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysls) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Juliet*,
And thou art come.

Jul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.

Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

Jul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

Jul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes
into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the
beord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben: Am I like such a one?

Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,
and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to
be mooud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue
none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-
ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst
hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out
such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee
wakd

of Romeo and Iuliet.

wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

Me: Consort *Zwounes* consort? the slaue wil make fiddlers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: *Mary* go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therefore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Alla stockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldst with me?

E

Mer:

The excellent Tragedie

Mer: Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, leaſt mine be about your eares ere you be aware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Bennolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder *Romeos* arme thrusts *Mercutio*, in and flies.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a barne doore, but it will ſerue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the beſt.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely dreſt. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am ſped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aſke for me to morrow you ſhall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I ſhall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens ſhoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then ſome peaſantly rogue, ſome Sexton, ſome baſe ſlaue ſhall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was ſlaine for the firſt and ſecond cauſe. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come ſir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other ſide, come *Bennolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

Exeunt

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere *Alie*.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtained
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinſman, Ah *Julius*

Thy

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors Steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scorn'd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe,

Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue lenity:

And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.

Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,

Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutio*s soule,

Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,

And staies for thine to beare him company.

Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falls,

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt*s slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.

Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue,

Exeunt

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-
laine?

Ben: There is that *Tybalt*.

F 2

Watch: Vp

The excellent Tragedie

Vp firra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,

M: *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

Pr: Speake *Benvolio* who began this fray?

Ben: *Tybalt* heere slaine whom *Romeo*s hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tybalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung cryde peace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeo*s laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge,
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.

M: He is a *Montague* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

of Romeo and Iuliet.

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.

Prin : And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still :
Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul : Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder
of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse : O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?

Nur : I, I, the cordes : alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

Iul : What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

Nur : Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.

Iul : This torture should be roard in dismall hell,
Can heauens be so enuious?

Nur : *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saue the sample, on his manly breast :
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

The excellent Tragedie

Iul: Ah *Romeo, Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why shou'd Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

Nur: O *Tybalt, Tybalt*, the best friend I had,
Ohonest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.

Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that mured him is banished.

Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeo*s hand shed *Tybalts* blood?

Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.

Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?

Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All fallie, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Iul: A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*,
All kild, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.

of Romeo and Iuliet.

VWill you goe to them?

Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall lie shed for *Romeos* banishment.

Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.

Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friar.

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VWhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VWhich yet we know not.

Fr: Too familiar

Is my yong sonne with such sower companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome:

Rom: VWhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?

Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rused aside the law,

And

The excellent Tragedie

And turnd that blacke word death to banishment :
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.

Rom : Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Juliet* liues : and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Juliet*s skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips ;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall : ah, banished.

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell :
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne abso'uer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment ?

Fr : Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.

Rom : O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

Fr : Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom : Yet Banished ? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fr : O, now I see that madmen haue no cares.

Rom : How should they, when that wise men haue no
eyes.

Fr : Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom : Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.

Wert

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy
 hayre.

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nu: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?

Nu: One from Lady *Iuliet*.

Fr: Then come neare.

Nu: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made
drunke.

Nu: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case. Oh wofull sympathy,
Pittecous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For *Iuliet*s sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse,

Nu: Ah sir, ah sir. Wel death's the end of all.

G

Rom:

The excellent Tragedie

Rom: Spakest thou of *Juliet*, how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our cancel'd loue?

Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fells on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curst hand
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches
the dagger away.*

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furies of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill be seeming beast in seeming both.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Juliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frowntst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.

Take

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, halte the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offersto goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a grieve so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, With
County Paris.*

Cap: Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluckⁱly,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

The excellent Tragedie

Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet
calles him againe.*

Cap: Sir *Paris*? He make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respects by mee:
But soft what day is this?

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.
Wee'le make no great ado, a friend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him careleslye:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen friends and make no more ado.
But what say you to Thursday.

Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.

Wife gette you to your daughter, Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.



Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.

Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Iul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:

The excellent Tragedie

This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our
woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Iul: Artthou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.

Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.

Iul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu.

Exit.

Enter Nurse hastily.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Iuliet's Mother, Nurse.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?

Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet*?

Iul: How now, who calls?

Nur: It is your Mother.

Moth: Why how now *Iuliet*?

Iul: Madam, I am not well.

Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cosens death;
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

Moth: I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

Iul: What Villaine Madame?

Moth: That Villaine *Romeo*.

Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.

Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to *Manina* where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.

Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

Thus for a Kinsman vext?

(newes?)

Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

Iul: What day is that I pray you?

Moth: Marry my Childe,

The

A ne excellent Tragedie

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie
yet.

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblst a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour ship wracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies
she to it?

Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.

Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth
she not wexe proud?

Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

Out

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

Lu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolute on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

Nur: Mary God in heauen blese her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.

Cap. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.

Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.

Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
For heere we need it not.

Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.

Cap: Gods blessed mother wise it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad;
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon
mee?

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to ielt.

The excellent Tragedie

Itell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest.

Exit.

Iul: Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

Exit.

Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou
giue me.

Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challenge you,
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.
As for your husband he is dead:

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?

Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

Iul: Amen.

Nur: What say you Madame?

Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.
To Fryer *Laurance* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd,

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.

She looks after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shal be twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

Exit.



Enter Fryer and Paris.

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisdome hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

H 2

Enter

I be excellent I ragedie

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:

Is: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,

Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.

Is: What must be shalbe.

Fr: Thats a certaine text.

Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

Is: To tell you that were to confesse to you.

Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me,

Is: I will confesse to you that I loue him,

Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.

Is: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Is: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.

Is: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it,

Is: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure holy Father now:

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fr: My leasure serues me pensue daughter now,
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,

Is: farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Is: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

Fr: Ah *Is:* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou must and nothing may proroqe it,

On

of *Romeo and Iuliet*.

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell: eis behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be brieft: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.
If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie,

Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepe mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples skulls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them naide haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deereft *Romeo*.

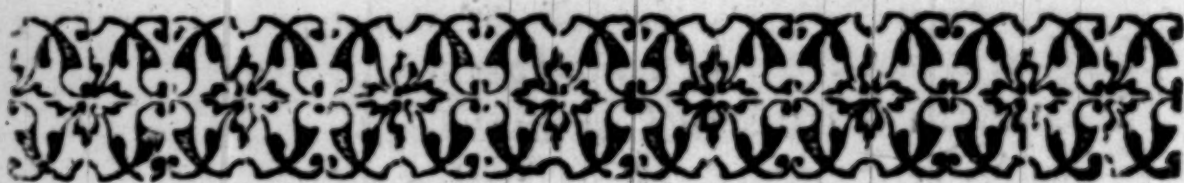
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

The excellent Tragedie

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust,
And in this borrowed likenes of shrinke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
He send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

Inl: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.

Exeunt.



*Enter olde Capulet, his Wife, Nurse, and
Servingman.*

Capo: Where are you sirra?

Ser: Heere forsooth.

Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe
them by licking their fingers.

Capo: How canst thou know them so?

Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-
gers.

Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Servingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?

Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.

Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,

Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin gadding?

Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.

Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

Iul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To fort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.

Moth: I prece thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to fort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,

Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe

Iul: I prece thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

Capo: I say I will haue this dispatch to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

Moth: We shall be short in our prouisions.

Capo:

Capo: Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will,

Exeunt.



Enter Nurse, Juliet.

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?

Jul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

Jul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Juliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*

Jul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.

What if this Potion should not worke at all,

Must I of force be married to the Countie?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.

What if the Frier should giue me this drinke

To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious Man:

I will not entertaine so bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the Tomb?

of Romeo and Juliet.

Awake an houre before the appointed time:

Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,

And playing with my dead forefathers bones,

Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see

My Cofin Tybals weltring in his bloud,

Seeking for Romeo: stay Tybalt, stay.

Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

She fells upon her bed within the Curtaines.



Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, 'tis foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.

Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I saith you
will be sicke anone.

Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?
What haue you there?

Ser: Forsooth Logs.

Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where
thou shalt fetch them.

Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to
choose

The excellent Tragedie.

choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady
birde? fast I warrant. What *Julie*? well, let the County take
you in your bed. yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next
night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest
but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue,
what bride, what *Julie*? Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay
then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on
your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the
day, some Aqua vitæ hoe.

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?

Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

Death

of Romeo and Juliet.

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,

Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,

Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:

Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.

Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate,

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,

To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preferu'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depride of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desired to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depride by suddaine destinie.

Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity,
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.

The excellent Tragedie

Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarce,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe forth, casting Rosemary on
her and shutting the Curtens.*

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me
some mery dumpe.

1. A sir, this is no time to play.

Ser: You will not then?

1. No marry will wee.

Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.

1. What will you giue vs?

Ser: The fidler, Here you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.

1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.

Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with
my wodden wit, Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,

1. Lets heare.

Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:

Then musique with her siluer sound,

Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?

1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.

Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?

of Romeo and Iuliet.

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.

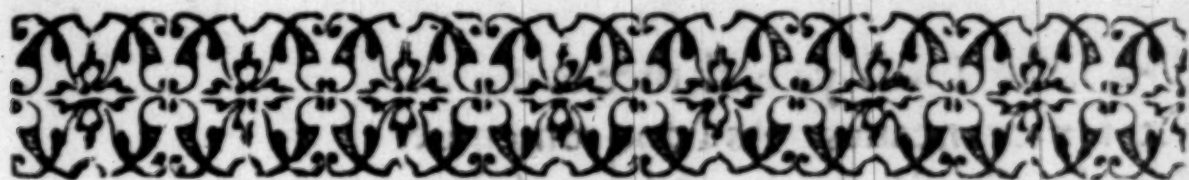
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?

3. I say nothing.

Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fiddlers, farewell.

Exit.

1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*



Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presagde some good euent to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with'pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leane to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

Rom: Is it euen so? then I despise my Starres.

The excellent Tragedie

Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.

Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.

Rom: Doe as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

We'll *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doe remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an *Aligaria* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwells.
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?

Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.

Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

Rom:

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Rom: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy friend, nor the Lawes friend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miseric,
And staued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

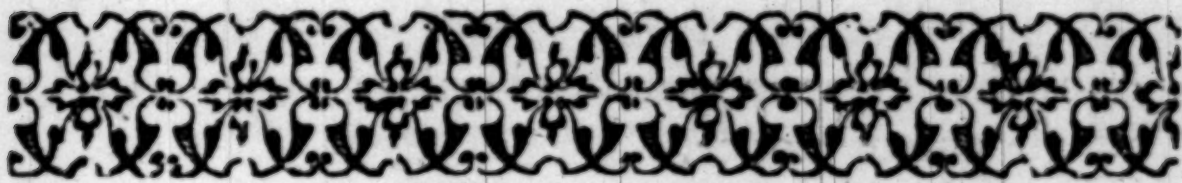
Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents,

Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hie thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliet*s Graue: for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.



Enter Frier Iohn.

Iohn: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?

Lawr: This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
VVhat newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.

Lawr: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.

Lawr: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently.

Al.

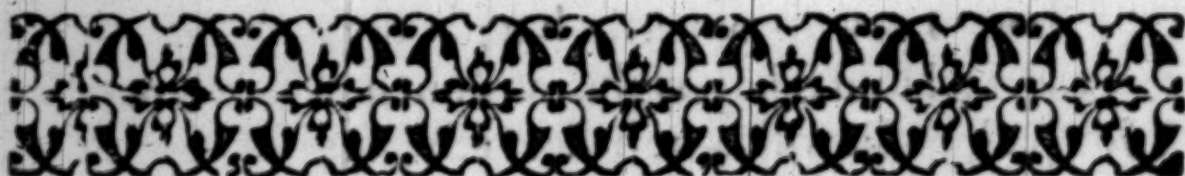
The excellent Tragedie

A spade and mattocke,

John: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

Exit.



*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers
and sweete Water.*

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow
ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.

Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale
bed:

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:

Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,

Accept this latest fauour at my hands,

That liuing honourd thee, and being dead

With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balhassar, with a torch, a
mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

Par:

of Romeo and Juliet.

Par: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true lones rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while,

Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrenching I-
ron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more,
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I undertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew e thys hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage, wilde.

Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.

Rom: So shalt thou win my saueur, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence,

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.

Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

Par: This is that banisht haughtie *Mountaine*,
That murderd my lones cosen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountaine*.

Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

I doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.

Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

The excellent Tragedie

Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armed against my selfe,

Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellow heere.

Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

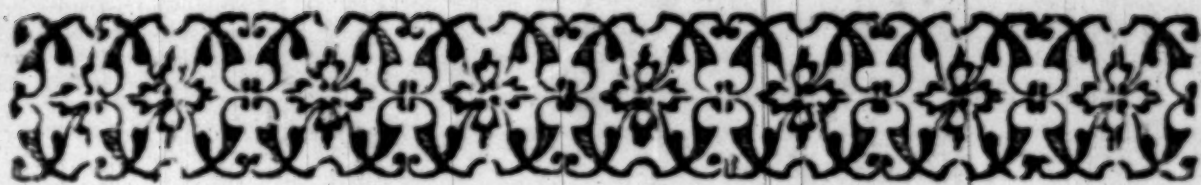
Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's kinsman, noble Countie *Paris*?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue married
Iuliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lyeth thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,
How well thy beaurty doth become this graue?
O I beleeeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-ficke weary barge,
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye.

Falls
Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.



Enter Fryer With a Lantborne.

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?

Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.

Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?

Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearly.

Fr. Who is it?

Man: *Romeo.*

Fr: How long hath he beene there?

Man: Full halfe an houre and more.

Fr: Goe with me thether.

Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.

Fr: Then must I goe : my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that stains the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?

Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?

Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

Iuliet rises.

The Lady sturres.

K :

Iul :

The excellent Tragedie

Ah comfortable Fryer,

I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of; but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vnderooke this hazard.

Fr: Lady come forth. I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.

Jul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

Fr: I heare some noise, I doe not stay, come, come.

Jul: Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup cloide in my louers hands?

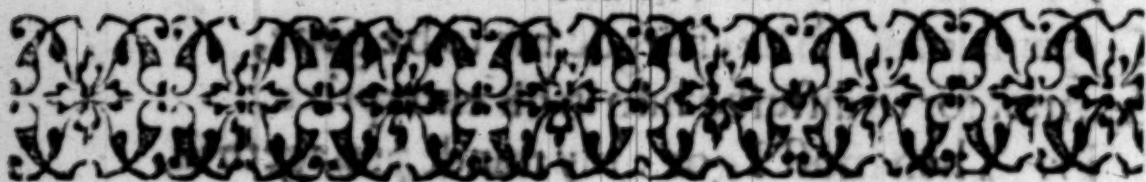
Ah childe drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter Watch.

Watch: This way, this way.

Jul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
Oh happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

She stabs herselfe and fallles.



Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere
See friends where *Juliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,
Attach and bring them to vs presently.

Enter one with the Fryer.

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitt to ope a tombe.

Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.

Enter

of Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter one with Romeos Man.

r. Heeres Romeos Man.

Capt: Kcepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischief calls vs vp so soone.

Capt: O noble Prince, see here

*Where Iuliet that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warmed and fresh bleeding, Romeo and Countie Paris
Likewise newly slaine,*

Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?

*Moth: The people in the streetes crie Romeo,
And some on Iuliet: as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.*

*Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountaigne,
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.*

Enter olde Montague.

*Prin: Come Mountaigne, for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.*

*Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong Benualto is deceased too:
What further mischief can there yet be found?*

Prin: First come and see, then speake.

*Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.*

*Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld scene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition,*

*Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.*

The excellent Tragedie

And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo*,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priue to the marriage.
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
Was *Tybals* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Further to finde a meanes she might auoyd
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,
That he might come and take her from the Tombe,
But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
Was slayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Juliet* was decesed, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
What after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnkowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
Which she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What after happened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.

By

of Romeo and Juliet.

By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.
To the most strickeſt rigor of the Law.

Pris: VVe ſtill haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he ſay in this?

Balth: Ibrought my maſter word that ſhee was dead,
And then he poaſted ſtraight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. Theſe Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.

Pris: Lets ſee the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?

Boy: Ibrought my Maſter vnto *Juliets* graue,
But one approaching, ſtraight I calld my Maſter.
At laſt they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can ſay or know.

Pris: Theſe letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.

VVhere are theſe enemies? ſee what hate hath done,

Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I beſtowe on her, thats all I haue.

Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her ſtatue of pure golde:

That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.

There ſhall no ſtatue of ſuch price be ſet,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Juliet*.

Cap: As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

Pris: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,

To haue more talke of theſe ſad things.

Some ſhall be pardoned and ſome puniſhed:

For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,

Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.